

ed many to the country they were in search of.

This was accordingly agreed on for the present; and before the tempest was over, Master *Headstrong* and *Passion* were for setting out and pursuing their journey—

“We had better wait a while,” said Miss *Patient*, “there are clouds which threaten more showers, nor do we know yet whether yonder stream is fordable; there may be danger in the trial.”

“There is more danger of los-

ing

“ing our time by delay,” cried *Passion*! but as the matter was left to *Reason*, she determined that they would wait a little—so they staid till the clouds began to disperse, and then went directly to the stream, into which, forgetting their agreement, *Passion*, followed by *Headstrong*, violently plunged; but after repeated trials and much danger they were both obliged to return, while Miss *Patient*, suffering herself to be guided by *Reason*, found a place that was passable, where they

went